



# The Enchanted Couple and the Moonlit Reunion

Once upon a time, in a land of rolling hills and babbling brooks, there lived a miller and his wife. They were a cheerful couple, blessed with prosperity that grew like the tall oaks around their cozy mill. But as often happens, fortune's wheel turned, and their luck dwindled until they barely owned the mill they called home.

One starless night, troubled by his worries, the miller strolled by the millpond. There, shimmering in the water, he spotted a wondrous woman with hair like woven moonbeams, emerging from the depths. She was the mystical Nix of the Millpond, a creature of enchanting beauty and mysterious powers.

The Nix spoke to the miller with a voice as soft as the pond's ripples. She promised him untold riches but asked for something precious in return - the newborn in his house. Thinking she meant a puppy or kitten, the miller agreed. Little did he know, his wife had just given birth to a baby boy.

Years flew by, and the miller's fortunes soared, but his heart was heavy, fearing the Nix would claim his son. He warned the boy never to go near the millpond, lest he be snatched away by the watery hand of fate.

As the boy grew into a skilled huntsman, he fell in love with a beautiful maiden. They married and lived in bliss, unaware of the shadow cast by the Nix's agreement.

One fateful day, the huntsman pursued his prey near the dreaded millpond. Overcome by fatigue, he knelt to wash his hands in its cool waters. In a swift, swirling motion, the Nix emerged and pulled him into her watery realm.

His wife, upon discovering his disappearance, wept by the pond, her heart shattered. In a dream, she saw a path leading to an old woman's cottage. This wise woman, with hair as white as the moon, gave her a series of magical tasks to perform at the millpond under the full moon's light - each one a step closer to bringing her husband back.

First, she combed her hair with a golden comb by the pond, then played a mournful tune on a golden flute, and finally, spun threads on a golden spinning wheel. Each task brought her husband closer to the surface, his form shimmering in the moonlight.

But just as their reunion seemed within reach, a mighty wave threatened to engulf them both. In a desperate plea, the wife called out to the wise woman. In an instant, they were transformed - he into a frog, she into a toad, safe from the raging waters but torn apart once again.

Years passed as they roamed the land, herding sheep, hearts heavy with loss. Then, one spring day, they met in a green valley, not recognizing each other but feeling a mysterious connection. That night, under the full moon, the huntsman played his flute, its melody stirring memories in the shepherdess's heart.

Tears flowed down her cheeks as she remembered the last time she heard that tune. And in that moment, under the moon's gentle glow, they recognized each other. Joy and love rekindled in their hearts, and they embraced, united at last under the same stars that once watched over their separate sorrowful paths.

From then on, they lived together in happiness, with their love shining as bright as the moon that guided them back to each other.